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Quem dies vidit ferocem venientem superbum,
Illum dies vidit fugientem jacentem.

SENECA.

Continuation of the story of MENOUF.

PEACE was soon re-established, and the glory and reputation of Menouf continued untarnished. High in the confidence of his sovereign, he endeavored to promote the welfare of the empire which he was called to assist by his counsels. Wherever he appeared, respect was paid to his presence & to his words; and the people congratulated themselves on their happy union of such a virtue with such a king.

One day, as he returned from the Divan to his palace, he suddenly perceived the old man who had been his guide awaiting him on the steps of his palace. The latter saluted him; but he, filled with resentment for the past, reproached him with his desertion, and told him that he had succeeded in his undertakings far better since he had been alone. The old man bore his taunts without a murmur, till he had concluded. He then exclaimed: "Providence, O Menouf, is dark & mysterious in its dealings. The weak and mortal eye cannot fathom its designs. Thou despisest my counsels, but they and will prove their truths. Beware:—thy own footsteps will lead thee to ruin. Take however, this talisman, which in the earthquake which separated us, I seized from its dwelling place of fire. So long as thou persevere in the path of virtue, this amethyst will exert such an influence over thy mind as to lead thee in the right way; but, remember, O too confident Menouf, that if thou

portent the seeds of crime, and goest on the paths of unwarrantable ambition, it will warp thy intellect and pervert thy judgment. Use it with circumspection. From the future's dark prospect we may not strip the veil; but once again I warn thee — beware!" ~~He interspoke~~ Menouf turned to reply, but the old man had disappeared.

It was in vain that he endeavored to trace the fugitive. He now regretted that he had offended him, and recalled every thing he had said. Under the influence of these virtuous feelings, he felt himself strongly instigated to acts of high & exemplary virtue. The love & admiration he had excited were daily increased, and he felt the value of the old man's gift.

Thus far all went on well, till once when he had happened to have laid his talisman aside for a moment, he was suddenly called to an audience of a person who was extremely anxious to speak to him. The gem was forgotten. He found one of the nobles of the court waiting for him, who by degrees, & with

caution made several complaints against the conduct of the king. He said he had been induced to apply to the vizier, by the conversation of an old man who appeared intimately acquainted with his character. Menouf started from his seat. Bardissi, the nobleman, remarked his confusion; & having described the stranger in such a manner as to leave no doubt upon Menouf's mind who he was, he added that he had departed from the country. He then dropt hints of a rebellion — of deposing the king. The black drop of Menouf's heart throbbed as Bardissi spoke. He remembered the talisman, and abruptly leaving the room, regained its possession. But its effect was now widely different. He had listened with pleasure to the plans of the courtier, and the talisman fostered his dark conceptions.

A few days saw Menouf the blackest of traitors. Bardissi engaged to destroy the king by poison, and the unsuspecting monarch fell a victim to their treachery. ~~Arbaces~~

The actors in this dreadful tragedy were kept out of sight, the popular voice proclaimed Menouf king, and he was crowned amidst the acclamations of deluded thousands, who fondly imagined that they had placed upon the throne one whose wisdom would surpass that of any former sovereign.

He acted the hypocrite for several months, till his power was fully established. He then found that the power he had ever so anxiously wished for, was immense and inexhaustible. — The tyrant then came out. The hand of oppression laid its iron rod on all. The people groaned beneath their burthens, and the nobles felt the weight of the tyranny he imposed upon them. The principles of virtue he once possessed were now entirely forgotten; and instead of Menouf the magnificent, which the enthusiasm of his people had at first bestowed upon him, he received the odious appellation of Menouf the Oppressor. The Standard of rebellion was raised, and he vainly strove to cope with the rising energies of a

nation. His general, Bardissi, was defeated & slain, and a few days beheld the glorious, exulting, powerful Memnon, bound in the solitude of a dungeon. A bowl of poison had been left for him to drink.

As he lay there, he remembered once more the talisman, and filled with harrowing reflections, he threw it from him. The beams of supernatural lustre that had always played around it now brightened into a blaze of intolerable glory. Memnon grasped the bowl of poison in the confusion of the moment, when a voice like thunder came from the burning talisman, and the form of the genius Zadoran stood again revealed. "Desist from mourning," said he, "thy crimes with suicide. Thou askedst for power, & thou hast received it. In the form of the old man, I led thee through anguish & suffering, hoping to wean thee from thy restless ambition. I brought thee to power after a servitude of sorrow, and yet thou wast not humbled. The talisman I gave

thee only hastened the desires and the conduct which would certainly have taken place at a more distant period. I instigated Badiosi to his enterprize; but he would have done it himself at a future occasion. The king whom you imagine dead was only stupified by the effect of an opiate of long duration, which I substituted for the poison. The attendants of the sepulchres of the kings have discovered him awake. Dost thou not hear the shouts of the populace? They are coming to tear thy ~~corpse~~ body to pieces, & scatter thy ashes to the winds of heaven!"—

The sound of ~~the~~ an enraged populace now drew near. Menouf shrieked in terror. "I will save thee," said the genius; "I will substitute another form, bloated with poison, for thine; whilst thou shalt be removed to thy father's abode, to reap the remainder of thy days in peace, & to profit by the dreadful lesson which ~~upon~~ thou hast received. Go; and learn to repine no more,

and to sigh not after that power which thou art unable to use with discretion, and which thou wast not born to wield!" —

The genius shook with his wand. A pang of intense agony shot through his system; but when it was past, he looked around him, and beheld the rocks & the vallies of his father's abode. —

The story of Menouf is recorded by his own desire on the annals of this kingdom. Hear, and be wise, O ye, who sigh like him after the grandeur Allah has forbidden to your lot, lest like the infatuated Menouf, ye be plunged into the excesses of crime, and be doomed to feel the agonies of remorse! — Alhamdo Lillahi! To Allah be praise! —

F.